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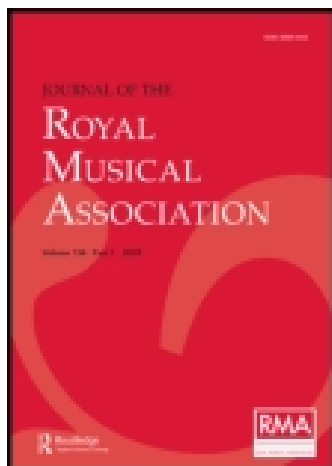
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### The Emotional Aspects and Sympathetic Effects of the Sister Arts—Poetry, Painting, And Music

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APRIL 6, 1885.

W. H. MONK, Esq.,

IN THE CHAIR.

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**THE EMOTIONAL ASPECTS AND SYMPATHETIC EFFECTS OF THE SISTER ARTS—POETRY, PAINTING, AND MUSIC.**

BY G. A. OSBORNE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The emotional aspects and sympathetic effects of the sister arts is the title of the paper which I have the honour of reading to you, but it has especial reference to the relationship of the sister arts—poetry, painting, and music. I need not say that any one of these three subjects would require a volume for itself, instead of a paper combining the three. It is therefore necessary that I should state at once the object I have had in view, namely, the throwing together of a few ideas interspersed with anecdotes when appropriate. I assign to music the position of the younger sister which she indubitably holds at the present day, but, in point of fact, in one sense, she is the elder sister, and as such I shall introduce her. I must ask you to define to yourselves this simple question—What is music? The answer must not be a preconceived idea or predilection, without a reason for your belief. A mighty river can be traced to its source, which may be a dripping rivulet; in like manner we must go to the fountain head, and trace music back to its primitive origin. What is music? To my mind music is a deviation from *monotonous sound in its strict sense*. If I hear the wild sounds which the wind capriciously elicits from the Æolian harp, and which can produce according to its force the softness of a child's slumber or the boisterousness of rage—this I call music. When I hear the gentle murmuring of a purling stream, the breaking of a wave on the seashore, the chirping of birds, or the echoing of a bell borne o'er the plain from distant hills—this I call music. If such be the case, then, music is the elder of the three sisters. Professor Tyndall shows that music differs from noise in that the sound entitled to the definition of a musical note is produced by regular and perfectly *periodic*

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vibrations, whereas noise is caused by an irregular succession of shocks. The shaking of a tool-box with its various metal contents can only produce a noise, because the shaking makes an irregular succession of shocks; but the drawing of a violin bow across a string produces music.

As regards primitive music, I had an opportunity when travelling in the East of hearing some remarkable specimens. I will ask you to accompany me a short distance through the desert from the banks of the Jordan to modern Jericho, which consists of a group of squalid huts containing about sixty families. After a couple of hours' rest we mounted our horses, and off they went at a fearful gallop. Mine, which was an Arab steed, came in first, for which I got great credit. Now I don't mind telling you, in strict confidence, that my earnest desire was to come in last, for I felt very uncomfortable, being obliged to hold on my hat with my left hand while pulling as hard as I could with the right; but all to no purpose, the beast would be first, and I had to receive most unmerited hearty congratulations. These poor blacks in Jericho appear to be a degenerate race, as the hot and unhealthy climate has an enervating effect on them. After supper we were summoned to witness a war dance. About twenty men and women, headed by their Princess holding a sword over her head, were ranged before us. One of the women, who was renowned for having the shrillest voice of the company, was ordered to whisper something to each of us, which she did with a vengeance. It would be impossible to describe the effect of her high soprano on the ear. She screamed on a top shrill note, "Quacky, quickly, quacky," the meaning of which words I am unable to give you, but they were very flattering, as I was informed. The war-dance now commenced with a chorus accompaniment, men and women clapping their hands and singing the following, "Jaya ve, jaya doodley." This musical phrase was taken up higher and higher with an appalling crescendo that, as we should term it, brought down the house; indeed, these poor blacks would have gone on till midnight had they not been requested to retire; and I feel persuaded that had they heard the most pleasing chorus, as we understand one, it would not have given them the pleasure they derived from "Jaya ve, jaya doodley." I have given you as nearly as possible the two bars I heard, but when I sung them, which I did after they had finished, it was evident that my rendering of "Jaya ve" was not appreciated, for they looked unutterable things, seeming to be of unanimous opinion that music was not my vocation, therefore I failed to convey to them their emotional and sympathetic associations. When we come to consider that the Arab scale is divided into eighteen intervals instead of twelve, we can easily imagine that any European notation

of Arab music must be at the best a mere approximation. Whenever I hear singing out of tune, and that sometimes happens, I invariably look on the vocalist as being acquainted with the Arab scale. Next morning the chief, a man jet black, with very thick lips and only one enormous front tooth, attended by his prime minister, accompanied us on our way to old, or biblical, Jericho. Here we bade him adieu, presenting him and his minister with two loaves and a few pieces of Arabic money. He smote his breast and shook hands; we, therefore, considering it the proper thing to do, smote our breasts and shook hands. The arrival of travellers must always be an interesting event for these poor blacks. A traveller in Dahomey, western Africa, observes: "As these people have no written language, anything that happens in the kingdom, from the arrival of a stranger to an earthquake, is formed into a kind of song, which, rhythmless and rhymeless, is taught and sung by professional men, and is thus transmitted to posterity. As the wants and ideas of such people are meagre, so their appreciation and desire for art is very limited. Yet tribes in such a condition have certain emotions to express, such as love, war, death, hatred, &c., and accordingly we find music called in to heighten the effect of verses recited, or to supply some sort of tone-colour to the poetic imagery that is to be found in the ideas and aspirations of the rudest of nations. National music expresses characteristics differing among different nations. Characteristics are innate, and in some respects are modified by foreign influence. Climate has much to do with the formation of national character and music. The climate of north and south Italy is very different. In the north frost and snow are of common occurrence. In winter delicate plants flourish in the open air, and in the southernmost part of the peninsula, as well as in Sicily, even tropical plants come to maturity. The high Apennine regions are bleak and cold, but the atmosphere is remarkably clear, especially along the coast of the Mediterranean, where the tints of the mountains and clouds are beautifully warm. Italy is emphatically called "the land of painting, of music, and of poetry." The melodies of those parts which I have been describing are essentially different in their character, and are under the influence of those causes which so materially affect the plants; in fact, man's genius is swayed by all that surrounds him. As there are different types of countenance, so are there different types of national music. We have the Saxon, the Celtic, the Gallic, and others; even in the provinces of the same country different dialects are to be found, and it is easy to distinguish to which each belongs. I remember when a young man in London, after an absence of five years (during which time I heard the best music on the Continent),

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being one night exceedingly fatigued I retired early to rest, but woke up at the sound of an Irish air played on the bagpipes. At first I thought I had been dreaming; but no, the tune was still being played, though evidently less and less audible. I dressed hastily, ran after the piper, following him upwards of a mile. I cannot describe the effect produced on me; I was delighted. Such is the force of native music, when associated in the mind with scenes of early youth. Genuine specimens of national music must be sought for amongst the artizans, labourers, and country people in general. Such a distinction is obviously unnecessary in semi-civilised nations, where music as an art cannot be æsthetically cultivated. Here two questions suggest themselves to the mind. What are national airs? Who composed them? National airs are wild fragrant flowers. In the first instance, a national air has been composed by one person, but before it is accepted as such it has undergone considerable change; the melody has been heard by several persons, each has unintentionally made some slight change, and in process of time a modified version appears which is generally accepted. Without bringing before you specimens of changes in well-known airs introduced by singers for personal effect, I will merely refer you to the daily papers when Parliament is sitting. In a debate an honourable member makes a speech; in the reply one of his statements is referred to, upon which the honourable member starts up and cries out, "I said no such thing"; members are appealed to, and, after some discussion and explanation, the public get the accepted version of the disputed speech.

Sir Walter Scott was but half satisfied with the most beautiful scenery when he could not connect it with some local legend. He says, "Local names and peculiarities make a fictitious story look so much better in the face"; and in reply to a friend who was unable to gratify his anxiety he would laugh and say, "Then let us make a legend; nothing so easy as to make a tradition." So much for traditions. This shows there is an emotional and sympathetic connection between nature and art. Hullah, when a young man, used to sing Moore's Irish melodies. One evening, Moore, then advanced in years, was brought to Hullah's house by a friend, and asked to sing, which he declined to do, Hullah sang one of the Irish melodies. Moore, after expressing in very polite terms the pleasure he felt, said, "I see you have found out it does not do to sing them as they are written." After Moore had gone, Hullah took the volume of Irish airs from his library, and discovered that the melody before him had the same sort of outline as that which he had just sung, but that he had altered its details very considerably. Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, is reputed to have had a small but

sweet voice. He was so charmed with old Irish airs that he wrote his celebrated words to them. In one of his songs he was inspired by the following historical fact: Brien Boro, the great monarch of Ireland, was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the eleventh century, after defeating the Danes in twenty-five engagements. The favorite troops of Brien were intercepted on their return from the battle by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "Let stakes," they said, "be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed by the side of a sound man." Between seven and eight hundred men, wounded, pale, and emaciated, appeared supported in this manner with the foremost of the troops. Never was such an extraordinary sight witnessed before. Here is the stanza which refers to it—

"Forget not our wounded companions who stood  
In the day of distress by our side,  
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,  
They stirred not, but conquered and died.  
The sun that now blesses our arms with its light  
Saw them fall on Ossory's plain;  
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,  
To find that they fell there in vain."

There is no eloquence like the eloquence of music, it is a universal language—is there any oratory that could be of the same avail, when the mind is fully prepared, as the patriotic airs "Rule Britannia" and the "British Grenadiers." Why, the mass of the people, who do not understand the meaning of half the words addressed to them, and who are more influenced by the tone of voice, and gesticulation of the speaker, are carried away by the melodic and impressive rhythm of a martial national air. A poet, no doubt, works wonders when he associates his muse with that of the sister art; I am well aware that to him the importance of the tunes, in the sense in which I have been speaking of them, is mainly attributable. It is said of Kotsbue, that meeting Rouget de L'Isle, he addressed him thus, "Monster! Barbarian! How many thousand of my brethren hast thou slain?" Rouget de L'Isle was the author of the "Marseillaise," revolutionary Hymn, the effect of which on the people I had many opportunities of witnessing during my residence on the Continent. Many are the anecdotes illustrative of the power of music. At the battle of Quebec, in April, 1760, whilst the British troops were retreating in great confusion, the general complained to a field-officer of Frayer's regiment of the bad behaviour of his corps. "Sir," answered the officer with much warmth, "You did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play this morning; nothing encourages highlanders so

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much in a day of action ; even now they would be of use." Then said the general, "Let them blow themselves blue." The pipers played, and the highlanders, who were broken, returned the moment they heard the pipes, and formed with alacrity in the rear. These anecdotes show that accepted national airs represent the emotional and sympathetic power of music when allied to verbal association. The anecdote I am now going to relate, shows the comparative powerlessness of national airs when deprived by the want of association of these very emotional and sympathetic functions.

At a meeting of the, Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Falkner, a distinguished traveller, related that on an exploring expedition he was refused by the chief entrance to a village, whereupon he seized his cornopean, and played "Bonnie Dundee" so effectually that all the people fled, and he went into the deserted village and helped himself to the fowls he found there. The first public use of music, in all countries, has been a religious use. We know from sacred and profane history that the early christians practised music, and our Bible tells us that Paul and Silas, when in captivity, prayed and sang praises to God, the former distinguishing singing with the spirit, from singing with the understanding. We have no record of the kind of music sung by the early christian converts. There are many proofs of the universally appreciated power of music in the fact that most uncivilised nations employ it in the cure of diseases. In the first book of Samuel we read, "And it came to pass when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp and played with his hand ; so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." Music is an art and a science. As a science it signifies the theory of sound, but considered as an art it gratifies our ears and affects our imaginations ; when both are combined, music becomes a fine art, allied very nearly to poetry, painting and rhetoric. A mere melodist can hear every note conjointly with preceding and subsequent ones, as a painter sees the result of every touch on his canvas. Special gifts and special training are necessary to the artist in polyphonic music, to be sure that what he has written truly represents the effect he intended. There is a music tested by the eye, and there is also a music which operates on the affections tested by the ear. Guido Aretino, who lived in the eleventh century, and who may be regarded as the father of all musical instructors, was the first to grasp that truth. The euphony of a language is deserving of the attention of musicians, for those nations whose language is particularly euphonic, generally excel in vocal music. There are also certain characteristic idioms observable in the popular poetry of every nation, which must be interesting to philologists. The improvisations of our ancient



bards generally referred to the adoration of some hero, or to the extolling of the beauty of some mistress. It is a recorded fact, that most of the ancient legislators fully appreciated and employed popular songs, as a powerful means of reforming the manners of the people. English minstrels were held in great repute, from the love and esteem in which their art was held; they seem to have been the genuine successors of the ancient bards, who united the arts of poetry and music, and sang verses to the harp. No poets of any country make such frequent and enthusiastic mention of minstrelsy as the English. There is scarcely an old poem but abounds with the praises of music. The fondness of even the most illiterate for hearing tales and rhymes, is much dwelt on by Robert Mannyng, the first of our vernacular poets who is at all readable now.

In 1338 all rhymes were sung with accompaniment, and generally to the harp. The harp was for many ages the favourite instrument of the inhabitants of this island, whether under British, Saxon, Danish, or Norman Kings. In Wales, a harp was one of the three things that were necessary to constitute a gentleman or freeman, and none could pretend to that character who had not one of those favourite instruments, or could play on it. It was expressly forbidden to teach slaves or permit them to play upon the harp, and none but the King's musicians and gentlemen were allowed to have harps in their possession. A gentleman's harp was not liable to be seized for debt, because the want of it would have degraded him from his rank, and reduced him to that of a slave. Edward the First, about the year 1271, took his harper with him to the Holy Land, who must have been a close and constant attendant on his Royal Master, for when Edward was wounded at Ptolemais, the harper, hearing the struggle, rushed into the royal tent, and striking the assassin on the head, beat out his brains. The cultivation of the music in favour in the reign of Charles the Second, required less attention than the contrapuntal part-writing of earlier times. Playford remarks that "Of late years, all solemn and grave music has been laid aside, being esteemed too heavy and dull for the light heels and brains of this nimble and wanton age." This solemn and grave music thus alluded to fared badly during the Commonwealth, when Parliament was petitioned to suppress all cathedral churches, "where the service of God is grievously abused by piping with organs, singing, ringing, and trowling of psalms without edification, according to the apostles' rule, but only confusion." Sir Edward Dering, in the year 1644, when Archbishop Laud was beheaded, asserted in his declaration and petition to the House of Commons that, "One single groan in the spirit was worth the diapason of all the church music in the world."

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Chaucer, throughout his works, never loses an opportunity of describing or alluding to the general use of music, and bestowing it as an accomplishment upon the pilgrims, heroes and heroines of his several tales or poems, whenever propriety admits, and, indeed, we may gather as much from Chaucer of the music of his day, and of the estimation in which the art was then held in England, as if a treatise had been written on the subject. Chaucer was not only the founder of the English language, but the only great poet whom England produced before the appearance of Spencer. In the *Canterbury tales* he speaks of a monk, a jolly fellow and great sportsman, who had no love for any music but that of hounds, and the bells on his horse's bridle; in the English of our time it would run thus—

“And when he rode, men might his bridle hear,  
Gingle in a whistling wind so clear,  
And yet as loud as doth the chapel bell.”

This is a shrewd illustration of the sympathy of music with the object of our daily lives.

In very early times, we find the poet and musician combined in one man. Huebald, a monk, and a very strange one too, who lived in the year 932, was a poet as well as a musician; he is the author of a poem of more than one hundred lines in praise of baldness, each word beginning with the letter C. I will give you the first and the two concluding lines in Latin, and then the translation. “*Carmina chansonal culvis cantate camaene. Conveniet claras claurtris componere carnas completur claris carmen cantabile calvis.*” “Sing songs, muse, in honour of the bald. Noble locks it will be well to do up in knots; my song in honour of the bald is ended.” This extraordinary poem was dedicated to Charles the Bald of France. I feel convinced that if this jolly old monk were permitted to visit this earth again, he would receive a cordial invitation to dine with the most respected elderly gentlemen with bald heads, and in returning thanks for the hearty welcome accorded him, would intone his reply in the key of C. All true poetry must be the offspring of its time, it must show, as in a mirror, the best contemporary thoughts and ideas. The purest motive of early mediæval life was the worship of womanhood, and to this worship the troubadour devoted his noblest endeavour. The troubadours knew how to write poetry, they were to be found in all classes of society, and according to Dr. Hueffer's most interesting book, “*The Troubadours*,” no less than twenty-three reigning Princes of more or less importance are referred to, of whose poetic efforts we have cognisance. Richard I. of England occupies the foremost place amongst these princely singers. The troubadour was a welcome guest at the courts of princes and nobles,

partaking of their liberality, half guest, half courtier, but without any of its irksome duties. Troubadours were mostly a restless tribe, changing frequently and rapidly their abode, owing to some imbroglio with a lady. The gifts with which they were rewarded varied in nature and value, according to the wealth and liberality of the donor.

Terms are often very inappropriate. Take, for instance, "Ear for music" "Eye for painting." Now in the structure of the ear or eye there is nothing to indicate aptitude for painting or music. I was once requested to hear a boy who had a beautiful voice, and to use my influence to get him into a good choir. He was the son of a peasant who brought him to me by appointment. He certainly had a singularly fine and sympathetic voice, but he could not take a note when struck on the piano, it was lamentable to hear his failure. I was much distressed when telling his father that I could not recommend him, as he had no *ear*, on which he said with much *naïveté*, "He has indeed, sir," and brushing the boy's locks aside, showed me his ears, telling me at the same time that his mother liked her boy with long hair. Are not musicians inspired by poetry, and poets by music? Most certainly they are! Is the love of the beautiful a phase of that indescribable longing for perfection, which has been implanted in us by the Creator? We cannot tell what is this mysterious quality, it is too subtle to be analysed, its principle too intangible to be grasped. Yet it can be felt, and we all readily admit that art refines, exalts, and purifies us, through the veil of beauty. Music does not rest in the mere conformity of rules, in the mathematical subtleties of proportion and relation, necessary though such conditions are, but their art work is something above and far higher than this, for it appeals through the mysterious sense of beauty, most successfully to our intellects.

Those great men in the history of our country who have left us anthems and services, models of what music ought to be, and which are held in veneration by professors of the present day, who by their works show their appreciation of those imperishable compositions. Whence did their inspiration come? Surely from the Psalms and other portions of Holy Writ. Yes! poetry and music are sister arts.

The following lines are attributed to Shakespeare—

"If music and sweet poetry agree,  
As needs they must, the sister and the brother,  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
Because *thou* lov'st the one and *I* the other."

Boccaccio, speaking of Danté, says, he loved musicians, as they wrote music to his stanzas. Are painters and musicians reciprocally influenced? Most undoubtedly they are. It is true that painters cannot imitate musical tones on canvas,

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as they can the starry heavens, and all things visible on earth and on the sea, but it is equally certain that they are influenced by music in many ways, not easy accurately to define. Lessing says, "Painting is mute poetry—poetry, eloquent painting." Sir Joshua Reynolds, the founder of the British School of Painting, says, "Rules are fetters only to men of no genius, as an armour which upon the strong is an ornament and defence, upon the weak and misshapen becomes a load and cripples the body which it was meant to protect." He also says, "It is by the analogy that one art bears to another that many things are ascertained, which either were but faintly seen, or perhaps would not have been discovered at all, if the inventor had not received the first hints from the practice of a sister art." The frequent allusions which every man who treats of any art is obliged to make to others, in order to illustrate and confirm his principles sufficiently, show their near connection and inseparable relation. Painters work now as they formerly did, but they have a wider field for their art. The church in the olden time was the great patron of painters, which required paintings from Biblical subjects, but all that has been long since changed. They can now devote their time to various subjects besides Scripture ones, and a market is easily found for their works. Many painters are excellent musicians. When I lived in Paris, I went frequently to the study of a celebrated painter, and played for him Beethoven's Sonatas while he worked. Whenever he heard a modulation which took his fancy, he would rush to the piano, exclaiming, "What a glorious inspiration!" Musicians get many noble inspirations by gazing on painting, sculpture, and architecture, therefore there is a decided relationship between the arts, a perfect bond of sympathy. The sculptor (who usually takes an ideal or heroic theme for his subject), appealing powerfully to our imagination, asks us to clothe the cold lifeless forms he produces with human thoughts and feelings; and, so successful is the tone-poetic sculptor that, as we silently gaze at the work of his chisel, we are transported in thought to the scene he has represented. We can only find happiness in perfection, and perfection is the absolute condition attached to the production of every work of art. The object must be a worthy and artistic one, no matter the degree, whether higher or lower, for evidence of mastership may be given within a small circumference.

Architecture has been termed frozen music. A pointed gothic arch is therefore a frozen fugue. In a contrapuntal work fugues are like the final pointed completion of these arches in our Gothic cathedrals. Ehlert, in his letters on music, says, "Whenever a noble, a believing mood of mind, strives upwards to the highest, wherever a last majestic result

must be brought forward for universal recognition, the fugue becomes the most natural means of expression, for no art-form embraces such consciousness within itself; not one is so well capable of preaching the truth at once. For the peculiar characteristic of this form lies in the fact that several voices have united to say the same on different intervals." The fugue naturally takes its place in great vocal and instrumental works wherever a feeling of noble completion is to be expressed, but this tone of universality must arise as naturally out of the subject as does the capital complete the pillar. When we consider the conditions under which the great composers worked, Palestrina, Marcello, and others, we are astounded with the sublimity of their compositions. Music has advanced with rapid strides, and in her progress has availed herself of all the appliances of modern invention. Each of the sister arts has some advantage over the others. You cannot take in at first sight all the beauties of a work. You may be powerfully impressed by a picture, and the more you study it, the more deeply will you be attracted to the beauties which it unveils to you. So it is with a symphony. We appreciate what we can readily take in, but hidden treasures there may be in the score, which we cannot unravel at a first hearing. It is true that music has this advantage over painting; a symphony may be heard at once by hundreds at a concert, whereas, at an exhibition of paintings, when you would like to enjoy the beauties you are then appreciating, you are politely told by a policeman to move on.

In this nineteenth century, the question "What is music?" is still asked, and as regards many compositions of the advanced school, they are regarded by those who reverence the classic authors (as if it were their exclusive privilege) merely as aberrations of the intellect, having no claim whatever to the title of music. Lately at an orchestral concert a symphony was admirably performed, received great applause from the audience, and was most favourably criticised by the press. An old gentleman was sitting next a young man, who vehemently applauded each movement of the symphony, and at its termination, politely enquired of him if he *really* thought that what he had just heard was music. I need not dilate on their mutual astonishment and divergence of opinion. I am now coming to the close of my paper, entitled, "The emotional aspects and sympathetic effects of the sister arts." I told you that the subject would have to be treated in a general way, as the time allotted to address you was short, and, as far as in me lay, I was most anxious not to weary you. We started with music as the elder sister, and we finished by recognising her as the junior. Music has always had a peculiar charm; as the poet says, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and although, fortunately, we have

not here any savage breasts to be soothed, we are all aware of the benign influence of music. We may have specimens of painting, poetry, and sculpture which we would not exhibit in our family, not so with music, it may be trivial, it never can be offensive. How often do we find enthusiasm reaching the point of personal excitement, thus excluding the possibility of correct judgment; even the friendship of great composers themselves is unable to heal the rupture, which party feeling continually increases. Music ennobles, and in all its soothing powers has a woman's tenderness. Would that so pure an art, with such humanising influences, could harmonise all elements of discord which surround us; then her great mission would be complete.

"And oh! it were a gallant deed,  
To show before mankind,  
How ev'ry race and ev'ry creed,  
Might be by love combined:  
Might be combined, yet not forget  
The fountains whence they rose,  
As fill'd by many a rivulet,  
A stately river flows."

LAUS DEO.—May 21, 1884.

## DISCUSSION.

The CHAIRMAN.—Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my duty as Chairman to endeavour that the interesting and able paper to which you have just listened should be followed by something in the shape of discussion. I can only say that if any of you will favour the meeting with any remarks appropriate to the subject we shall be much interested in listening to them.

Mr. COLERIDGE.—Ladies and Gentlemen, I was not prepared to address you, but should like to make a few remarks upon some of the observations that have been made to us by our lecturer. In the early part of his address he alluded to the effect of climate, not only upon plants and physical objects, but also possibly upon the music of different nations and tribes. So I understood him; and it was interesting, for a similar subject was discussed in letters which passed between Goethe and Zelter, Mendelssohn's master. Goethe was interested in the subject. I am not going to weary you with an account of the correspondence, which I happen to have been reading lately and therefore am pretty well up in; but he wrote to Zelter and asked his opinions, and Zelter gave him, in a letter of a very learned kind, his opinion of the effects of climate on the temperament of musical composers, especially those of northern nations. Mr. Osborne is a professional musician,

and, as an Irishman, exceptionally susceptible. I may remark that the effect of music is not limited to the cultivated listener, and I remember to have heard a story, I will tell you, from the first Bishop of Barbadoes in the Leeward Islands, who was a relative of mine, Bishop Coleridge. I think he was appointed to that bishopric in 1824, but I remember well his telling me as a boy the effect of the air "Home, Sweet Home," being played by a regiment which was then quartered at Barbadoes. The regiment had been stationed in that island for some time; I am not sure that it had not gone straight to the Barbadoes after the Peninsular War. Anyhow, the effect of "Home, Sweet Home," was such that it nearly drove the soldiers to mutiny, and the colonel had to stop it, and to forbid its being played in the barracks. Take that anecdote for what it is worth. With regard to Moore, I had a disappointment. I called upon him when he was very old at Sloperton Cottage, with great hope of hearing him sing; a friend of his took me there. I did not hear him sing, for he was too ill; but I did hear a corroboration of what the lecturer said—that he sang not with any great science, but with much artistic sense and feeling. He used to sing to Lord Lansdowne and others of his great friends. Lord Lansdowne gave him Sloperton Cottage to live in. With regard to the able men on whom music has great influence, of course that is a wide topic and too well known, but I think two or three of the great names one never can forget. It soothed the stormy mind of Luther when fretting like an eagle in the castle of Wartburg; and I think that no aspect of Milton is so delightful as that when he was playing anthems on the old organ with the faded green hangings. Those two great names occur to me. Who can forget Danté's meeting Casella, a great singer of his time, in Florence, and one of his most intimate friends. I think that the relation of painters to musicians is also an interesting topic—one that I am not learned about at all; though I remember that our own Gainsborough was a considerable musician himself, and a friend of Abel, and painted his portrait, as we know by the Gainsborough exhibition which gave us so much delight recently; two or three of the portraits, I think, were of Abel. I am not sure whether Gainsborough was not himself a musical performer. I do not know whether Mr. Osborne alluded to Ingres, the French painter, but Ingres, I believe, had been once an orchestral player himself; he painted a portrait of Cherubini. I do not know whether Mr. Osborne mentioned that Ingres and Cherubini were very great friends. Coming to modern days, I am sorry to say that I do not think that the connection between painters and poets is quite so satisfactory, for Cowper was a great opponent of Handel, and wrote

bitter letters about the Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey.

MR. SOUTHGATE.—The title of Mr. Osborne's paper was so significant that it suggested to me some few thoughts before hearing it read. As he very well says, the subject is a very large one, and would require perhaps many volumes to treat properly; so I am not surprised to find there are many ideas that occurred to me which really are hardly noticed in the paper, seeing how very wide and large the subject is. I may say a few words upon the relationship that exists between the arts. One might call special attention to how very common and interchangeable are the terms that are used between poetry, painting, and music. In each of these arts we speak of rhythm, outline, accent, and order, and we talk of the graceful flow of ideas, richness of colour and harmony; and we also speak of gorgeous, cold, and grey colouring, harmony, proportion, balance of parts, quaintness, brilliancy, and many other such terms. These analogies seem to prove the very close connection which exists between them. Indeed, of late, some painters have boldly seized on some of our terms, and I cannot help thinking that it is about time to make a protest against that. At a recent exhibition of paintings by Mr. Whistler, I found that this peculiarity was very strongly in force. There was an extraordinary painting, so very peculiar that if it had been given to me I should hardly know which way of the four to hang it up. This was termed "A Symphony." It is certainly an inappropriate term, because one knows that "symphony" comes from two Greek words meaning a union of sounds. To call a picture "a symphony in black and white" is, in my opinion, a misnomer, and it indicates a very singular poverty of invention, and an ignorance of the rich copiousness of our own mother tongue. In addition to the title "symphony," the terms "nocturne," "scherzo," "variations," "harmony," "caprice," and "andante" were also appropriated in a similar way. There is, indeed, a deeply spiritual connection existing between the arts, uniting them as it were into oneness; and I cannot help thinking that the key to that is the very subtle element of beauty. This is a quality very difficult to define, but it is a thing which we all feel, and can all appreciate. It exists in music and poetry and painting. The difficulty of defining beauty I think is admitted by every one. We all have our own views about it. It appears to be referable to no one special series of laws, it nevertheless is a thing that we all perceive and appreciate very keenly. It seems to me that the musician in the poetic transfer of his thoughts really breaks into tone poems, and there we have beauty. From the painter, also, in his productions, we get beauty, that is to say, if the paintings have any poetical



significance. I take it, that without this significance, there is very little beauty. Then there is another thought which strikes one, namely, that probably one of the underlying principles which exist in all the three arts is the effect produced upon our emotions. It seems that the emotions of the poet, of the painter, and of the musician are made to assume expressional form. This form of course differs according to the taste of each individual, and by this we get a physical transformation, as it were, of the feelings of the artist, whether he be painter, poet, or musician. The painter appreciates the beauty that is revealed by nature's external form, and is impelled to imitate with colours on the canvas that which inspires him. The poet not only feels the external beauty of nature, but comments on it in words. He is also an observer of the many emotions which have their origin in the thoughts and feelings of mankind, and he imitates emotion in that he attempts to describe the sentiments of his characters. In the case of dramatic works, he seeks to reproduce actions arising from particular sentiments and passions. Mr. Osborne has laid stress upon the intimate connection between the arts and the way in which they agree together. It just strikes one that there are some small points in which they vary. Music differs from the other arts, I may note, in that it does not produce its effects simply by imitation or by description, as poetry does. It has a deeper side than these, and to those who understand its language of abstract expression it is able to appeal and speak more deeply to the moral perception. When Mr. Osborne was speaking just now of his little adventure in the desert, a thought occurred to me that here also, though one would think there was not very much to suggest an artistic state of feeling, yet an artistic work has been suggested even by that. I refer to Ferdinand David's symphonic poem, "The Desert." It is a very charming and beautiful work. I myself have only had the chance of hearing it once, and that was at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Manns gave it there in 1873. It was not very happily done, but it is certainly a work worth bringing forward, and I should very much like to hear it again. One should note that even in such a very cheerless and dreadful place as a desert, still there is something suggested, and if a poet gets the opportunity he is enabled to produce something which charms and delights us. Another instance might be given of the union between the arts, that is Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," which is practically a complete poem without words. I remember that not very long ago the "Pastoral Symphony" was given at the Aquarium, with scenic effects. One does not want to defend that, especially in this assembly, but it just occurs to me that it is an instance in which

evidently the arranger of that entertainment had seized an opportunity, which shows the intimate connection between the two arts, and he reproduced the music with a painting at the side of it.

MR. STANLEY LUCAS.—There is another instance with regard to "The Desert." I have seen it, with the camels and everything else, performed on Drury Lane stage.

MR. SOUTHGATE.—Indeed, I was not aware of it.

MR. STANLEY LUCAS.—It is many years ago. I was taken there as a small boy.

MR. SOUTHGATE.—Mr. Osborne's paper is very suggestive indeed, and I have no doubt that when we get it in print we shall be able to appreciate its excellence, and it will provoke much thought.

MR. AGUILAR.—In corroboration of Mr. Osborne's ideas on the close affinity between music and poetry, I may remark that besides the well-known "*Lieder ohne Worte*," or songs without words, there are many pieces of music which, though they are not professedly descriptive, may be nevertheless termed dramatic scenes without words. Among these is a certain prelude by Heller, which is a portrait of an angry person, and towards the end of which some one persists in saying "No" to the angry man's remarks. In Chopin's ballade in A flat, how completely there seems to be a sort of romance about a lady and her knight, and the knight goes through all sorts of adventures with demons in magic castles, and then rapturously rejoins his beloved at the end. Chopin's ballades in F and F Minor are like histories of gentle, sympathetic girls, who after many afflictions come to early and stormy ends. The "*Largo e Mesto*" of Beethoven's Opus 10, No. 3, appears to be a long and sad scene or soliloquy ending with suicide, the death blow and last sighs being as clear as if performed on the stage. Beethoven's slow movement to the Concerto in G appears to be a scene between a lady and some such gigantic being as we read of in old supernatural romances, whose heart the fair captive succeeds in softening. But it may be said by some persons that educated and experienced musicians imagine these things from the resemblance in style to the music in well-known compositions expressing similar events. As an example, however, of the genuine effect of music, I may state that when I was a child I was equally fond of music and pictures. I knew every picture in "*Inchbald's British Theatre*," which was in my father's library. At a particularly pathetic part of the Adagio of Beethoven's Septet, which I used to hear played as a piano duet by my mother and sister, the tragedy queens in deep distress always came to my mind. This was before I knew anything more of music than the first instruction book. I think that that is a cor-

roboration of the idea of the great connection between music and poetry. I should like to ask whether Moore's airs in the Irish melodies are translations of the old Irish tunes of which we see the names, or original?

MR. OSBORNE.—There are a great many of the Irish airs which are original, and others slightly modified, but the idea with Moore was always to take the airs and put his own words to them.

MR. AGUILAR.—May I suppose that he has put his own words from his feeling of the music?

MR. OSBORNE.—The melodies suggested words to him.

MR. AGUILAR.—I have frequently remarked that if anyone had had those words brought to him to put to music they could not be set more beautifully than he has set them, The words were inspired by the music.

MR. COLERIDGE.—I should like to ask as to the musical education that Moore had.

MR. OSBORNE.—I do not know. The only thing that I know is that he had a very sweet voice; and it very often happens when a person has a sympathetic voice and a good enunciation, that such a person at a party will walk over the heads of many who are first rate singers.

MR. COLERIDGE.—He played his own accompaniments.

MR. OSBORNE.—Yes.

MR. COLERIDGE.—And well.

MR. OSBORNE.—Generally he played his own. I never heard him, and I never saw him.

MR. STANLEY LUCAS.—But there are many instances in which he has not followed out the original air. For instance, in "The Groves of Blarney."

MR. OSBORNE.—He has only taken a portion of it sometimes.

THE CHAIRMAN.—I think, ladies and gentlemen, if you will allow me, I must content myself now with the proposing to you a most cordial and warm vote of thanks to the lecturer, for his happy and interesting paper, and I am sure you will pass it with alacrity. His papers are always interesting, and extremely appropriate. I am sure that you will join me in giving him our best thanks for his kindness; and then I shall call upon him, in conclusion, to say a few words of remark on the various speeches that have been made, if he chooses to do so.

MR. OSBORNE.—I must thank you, Mr. Chairman, for the charming way in which you have alluded to my paper. I am sure that you are all delighted to have heard, from the different persons who have spoken, what they have had to say upon the subject. I am very glad to find that my old friend, Mr. Aguilar, entered into the discussion. There is one thing that I will promise him most sincerely, that when I play the

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particular sonata of Beethoven, where he combines ladies and great monsters, I shall most decidedly arrange to banish the idea, and have something very much more congenial and agreeable to think about. At the same time, there is no doubt that what he has said has shown how great the transition is from everything gentle, as everything is connected with woman; and then in bringing in these monsters, I suppose he was thinking of the *Niebelungen* at the time. I am very much obliged to you, and I hope that you have enjoyed what has been so ably said by those who have given up the sham-fight at Brighton, and have come here to-day.

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